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Some Methodist Contributions to Literature

THE GROWTH of Methodism on the continent of North America is one of the most remarkable phenomena of ecclesiastical history. 'The overflow of Methodism is greater than Methodism itself,' is a favorite dictum of Prof. Miley, one of the most distinguished members of the Methodist Episcopal General Conference now assembled in the Metropolitan Opera House. To say nothing of this, the simple fact that the number of American Methodists has increased from a mere handful in the seventh decade of the Eighteenth Century to nearly five millions, with ten million adherents, in the ninth decade of the Nineteenth Century, warrants the inquiry whether their contributions to intellectual culture have been commensurate with their amazing prosperity.

John Wesley, under God the recognized founder of the church, was a writer of singular and most prolific industry, whose exegetical abilities have commanded, and still command, unstinted praise from his readers; a preacher whose Biblical literalism largely receives the unintentional support of verified science; and a diarist whose journals photograph with unerring accuracy the principal characteristics of his times. Mr. Gladstone is said to study them as among the best historical memorials of the last century. Fiercely assailed by Calvinistic contemporaries, John Wesley found an amiable, able, and relentless champion in the seraphic John Fletcher of Madeley, who was to him what Melancthon was to Luther. The works of both are commonly held to be indispensable to every well-furnished Methodist library. Thought and controversy traversed substantially the same lines in the New as in the Old World. Evangelically Arminian contestants drew their weapons from the same armories. Bangs, Fisk, and Foster, with many others, wielded them with such effective vigor that Calvinism is now practically as obsolete as the three or four hundred heretical systems that disturbed ecclesiastical peace in the first millennium of Christianity.

Not less than its doctrines has the church polity of Methodism, and especially of Episcopal Methodism, been the subject of attack. Distasteful alike to independent and prelatist, their assaults have been valiantly and—as Methodists believe—victoriously repulsed by Smith, Dixon, Thomas Jackson, Rigg, Shrewsbury, and Johnson, in England; by Gorrie, Emory, Bond, Bangs, Stevens, Morris, Hodgson, Strickland, Hawley, and many others, in the United States; and by Jacoby, in Germany. The able and learned work on the 'Principles of Church Government,' composed by the late W. H. Perrine, proves that Methodists themselves do not all believe that their church organization—the child of divine Providence—has attained maturity. Two distinct, separate and concurrent houses in the legislature, or General Conference, are in their opinion needful. Even when a supreme ecclesiastical court is added, they hold that changing social circumstances will demand judicious modifications of system.

Just as successful warfare endears the memory of the soldier to grateful compatriots, so the doughty theological

and ministerial exploits of clergymen entitle them to remembrance more or less permanent. John Wesley found friendly biographers in Hampson, Coke and Moore, Whitehead, Richard Watson, Clarke, Larrabee, Janes, and above all in Tyerman; and keen critics of less amicable writers on his life and work in such brilliant defenders as the late Daniel Curry. Thomas Jackson edited the sermons and journals of Charles Wesley, the sweetest and most spiritual singer of all God's spiritual Israel, and also wrote his life. Joseph Benson did the latter for John Fletcher, and Samuel Drew for Bishop Coke, the first Bishop—after Wesley—of the Methodist Episcopal Church. J. W. Hamilton has done for all his deceased successors what Strickland has done for Asbury, Curry for D. W. Clark, Ridgaway for Janes, and what Prof. G. R. Crooks is now doing for the eloquent and saintly Simpson. Godly women, who labored much in the Lord, have received honorable mention from the pens of Coles, Stevens, Wise, and Wheatley. Next to Mrs. Fletcher, none have been more widely influential than Phoebe Palmer, whose works on the spiritual life are still multiplied by the thousand. Not all these biographies compare with those of Arnold by Stanley, of Chalmers by Hanna, or of Robertson by Brooke; but perusal of some will compel the conclusion that the best models of construction have been diligently examined.

Born and trained in the University of Oxford, Methodism has never lost sight of the example set by the 'Holy Club,' whose members critically studied the Scriptures in their original tongues, and who sought to understand the spirit under the letter. John Wesley's invaluable 'Notes on the New Testament' antedated many of the emendations charily adopted by recent revisers. Adam Clarke's 'Commentary on the Bible'—quite as much as that of Lange, and without the invaluable assistance enjoyed by the latter—was the marvel of his age for erudition, exegetical skill, and pious helpfulness; the Commentaries of Coke, Benson, and Sutcliffe were held in high esteem; that of Benson still retains the place in Arminian regard that Scott's holds in the reverence of Calvinists. Dr. Adam Clarke's monumental work, in part adapted to popular use by Dr. Curry, Nast's 'Commentary on Matthew and Mark,' Watson's 'Exposition of Matthew,' and the excellent series of commentaries on the Bible projected and supervised by D. D. Whedon, and written by himself, D. Steele, Terry, Hibbard, Hunter, Burr, Hyde, Bannister, Hemenway, and Curry, leave little to be desired in point of learning, lucidity, terseness, and availability. Hibbard's work on the Psalms, and Buttz's 'Epistle to the Romans in Greek,' with grammatical references and critical apparatus, are also of unusual value. Dr. Strong's 'Harmony and Exposition of the Gospels' and 'Harmony of the Gospels in Greek' merit high praise; while his new and complete 'Concordance of the English Bible,' including the Revised Version, and appended Greek and Hebrew lexicons, now in course of preparation, cannot fail to be of unspeakable service to students. The hand of this erudite compiler is also visible in the revision of the Old Testament, with which he was laboriously associated for fourteen years. As an author of Greek and Chaldee grammars, he is also entitled to grateful recognition.

In the department of systematic divinity, the magnificent 'Theological Institutes' of Richard Watson long held unrivaled sway in Methodist circles; they have not been supplanted, but rather complemented, by the 'Systematic Divinity' of Minor Raymond, and the 'Compendium of Christian Theology' of W. B. Pope. Each covers the entire territory of theology and related subjects, follows an independent plan, reveals individuality in style of presentation, and commands special admiration. Whether Bishop Randolph S. Foster's 'Studies in Theology' (of which two volumes—'Ethics of Belief' and 'Natural Theism'—are now in press) will be equally or more popular, remains to be seen. In respect of originality, erudition, candor, courage in wrestling with profoundest difficulties, adaptation to mod-

ern needs, and felicity of diction, the latter is the peer, if not the superior, of his predecessors, and will certainly provide ample occupation for expert reviewers.

Some years ago Dr. Abel Stevens affirmed that 1500 titles at least would be required to make up a fair bibliography of Methodism. It is doubtful whether 2000 would suffice at the present time. Foster's 'Christian Purity,' and Ingham's lectures on 'Theism,' Merrill's 'Aspects of Christian Experience,' Miley's 'Atonement in Christ,' in which he ably advocates the governmental or rectoral theory; Dunn's 'Mission of the Spirit,' Mercin's 'Natural Goodness,' Bangs on 'The Nature and Fruits of Sanctification,' Upham's 'Star of Our Lord,' Bledsoe's 'Theodicy,' or vindication of the divine glory as manifested in the constitution and government of the moral world, and George's 'Universalism not of the Bible,' are specimens of many volumes of the same class. Dr. Terry's scholarly volume on 'Biblical Hermeneutics' receives the warm applause of judicious interpreters; as does Harman's 'Introduction to the Study of the Holy Scriptures,' and also the 'Theological Encyclopedia and Methodology,' on the basis of Hagenbach, by Drs. Crooks and Hurst. The field of church history first entered in the United States by Methodism in the person of Martin Ruter, has since been diligently cultivated by Bishop Hurst in his volumes on 'The Early Church,' 'The Reformation,' 'The Church in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries' (translated from Hagenbach), 'The General Church,' and the related subject of 'Rationalism,' Asbury's 'Journals,' Wakeley's 'Lost Chapters,' Finley's 'Sketches of Western Methodism,' Stevens's 'Memorials of the Introduction of Methodism into the Eastern States,' Lee's 'History of the Methodists,' Bangs's 'History of the Methodist Episcopal Church,' Elliott's 'History of the Great Secession from the Methodist Episcopal Church,' and Stevens's 'History of Methodism,' and 'History of the Methodist Episcopal Church'—particularly the latter two works by the Methodist 'Tacitus'—attest the loving devotion of Methodist itinerants and educators to their work, and also the painstaking, liberal, and accurate research which culminates in Dorchester's 'Liquor Problem in All Ages,' 'Problem of Religious Progress,' and philosophically cyclopædic 'Christianity in the United States, from the First Settlement to the Present Time,' a perfect thesaurus of moral and religious information. Sheldon's 'History of Doctrine' is at once scholarly, impartial, and complete.

Secular history has also secured some degree of attention from the Chautauqua series of text-books, including the writer's 'History of the World to the Close of the Middle Ages,' by Vincent and other competent authors. Hurst's 'Indica' is yet in preparation. J. M. Reid's 'Missions and Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church' involves the prophecy of 'Doomed Religions,' whose full record is to be written by unborn Methodists, and follows the precedents established by Strickland and Bishop Thomson. In missionary literature, 'The Land of the Veda' and 'From Boston to Bareilly,' by Dr. William Butler, who founded his church in India and Mexico; Thoburn's 'My Missionary Apprenticeship,' Bishop William Taylor's romantic and apostolic volumes, and similar books, combine chivalry with commonsense, and rare interest with American practicality.

In metaphysics, D. D. Whedon's 'Freedom of the Will' is held to be an unanswerable refutation of Edwards and fatalism; Wentworth's 'Logic of Introspection, or Method in Mental Science,' Cocker's 'Christianity and Philosophy,' and 'Theistic Conception of the World,' B. P. Bowe's 'Psychological Theory,' 'Metaphysics,' 'Theism,' and 'Philosophy of Herbert Spencer,' J. W. Mendenhall's 'Plato and Paul, or Philosophy and Christianity,' and W. H. Moore's 'Matter, Life, Mind,' grapple with the problems of self-knowledge, altruism, and revelation, and challenge the commendation of thinking men. J. M. Buckley's 'Supposed Miracles,' 'Christians and the Theatre,' and 'Oats or Wild Oats?' express versatility sparkling and severe, instructive

and admonitory, and always loyal to conviction. Winchell's 'Science and Religion,' 'Sketches of Creation,' 'Pre-Adamites' and 'Geological Chart,' Wythe's 'Science of Life,' Bishop H. W. Warren's works on astronomy, and Urmy's scientific volumes, show keen insight into nature and history. The Travels of Olin, Fisk and Durbin; Mendenhall's 'Echoes from Palestine,' 'Thrones and Palaces of Nineveh and Babylon,' by J. P. Newman; 'Mexico,' by Bishop G. Haven; 'Midnight Sun, Tsar and Nihilist,' by Dr. Buckley; and 'California,' etc., by Charles Nordhoff, are all eminently readable and contain much of persistent interest. The late Prof. J. W. Draper, and the scientific traveller Squier, were sons of Methodist preachers, but are not specified as Methodist contributors to literature.

Baker, Merrill, Harris, Henry, Fancher, and S. Hunt are standard authorities on Methodist ecclesiastical jurisprudence; Merrill, Foster, D. W. Clark, Mattison, and Curry fearlessly avow their eschatological beliefs; to Crooks and McClintock belongs the honor of introducing the Ollendorff system of linguistic acquisition; Dorchester, Hughey, etc., relentlessly war on the liquor traffic; Bishop Fowler trenchantly strikes at the 'Fallacies of Colenso'; G. W. Hughey, in several noble volumes, such as the 'Christian Rule of Faith,' contends against the errors of Campbellism, and the assumptions of the Papacy and Ingersoll; C. H. Payne 'Guides and Guards in Character-Building'; O. H. Tiffany offers 'Gems for the Fireside'; C. P. Masden brings 'Pentecost into Practical Life'; ex-Secretary of the Navy Thompson exhibits 'Papacy and the Civil Power'; William Arthur speaks with 'Tongues of Fire'; and all of Methodism and of Methodist authors is discussed in that marvel of comprehensiveness, cheapness, and solid worth, McClintock & Strong's 'Encyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature,' in twelve massive but portable volumes, published—as are many Methodist contributions to the common stock of knowledge—by the Messrs. Harper.

Much that ought to be inserted in such an exposition is, with seeming invidiousness but real impartiality, forgotten or necessarily excluded. Drs. Neely, Little, Freeman, Peirce, Wise, DePuy, Nutter, Creamer, Longking, McCabe, etc., are all favorably known, and with the writers already adduced justify the statement that intellectual and æsthetic fruitfulness keeps equal step in Methodism with religious and numerical progress. The past of Methodism has been preparatory and formative: the era on which it has now entered is one of deeper culture, higher wisdom, and more splendid achievement.

RICHARD WHEATLEY.

Reviews

George Perkins Marsh.*

DURING the last years of his life, the late ex-President Samuel G. Brown of Hamilton College was engaged in work preliminary to a biography of George P. Marsh. Mr. Marsh was the most eminent scholar (with the possible exception of George Ticknor) who ever graduated at Dartmouth, of which college Dr. Brown was also an alumnus, and in which he was long a Professor. Dr. Brown's knowledge of the subject, familiarity with persons and events in Mr. Marsh's native State of Vermont, and fluent rhetorical style of description and eulogy, well fitted him for the task in hand. At the time of his death, however, he had but surveyed the field, collected material, and begun to write. The biography, therefore, fell into the hands of Mr. Marsh's widow, who modestly calls herself its compiler, and, making due acknowledgment to Dr. Brown, uses little of his small store of manuscript, lest her own style be put into unfavorable comparison with his.

The first volume, of two, covers the period to Mr. Marsh's appointment as Minister to Italy, in 1861. By the aid of

* *Life and Letters of George Perkins Marsh.* Compiled by Caroline Crane Marsh. Vol. I. \$3.50. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

letters to and from the subject, personal reminiscences, and Mrs. Marsh's own complete knowledge, the fullest material is offered for the understanding of Mr. Marsh's career in college; in business; in Congress and the politics of his State; as an English philologist and natural scientist; and as a miscellaneous student and promoter of learning and the arts. As a Republican politician and legislator, his work was honorable, though not quite commanding, in a State which has long had a singularly strong representation at Washington. The circumstances of Mr. Marsh's unselfish refusal to be elected to the Senate over Solomon Foot, and of Mr. Foot's unsolicited offer to resign in his favor at any time, are interestingly set forth. Mr. Marsh's declination of the Chair of History at Harvard, at a period when that university was rising into large national prominence, is also a fact not generally known. The delivery and publication of his Columbia College and Lowell Institute lectures on the English language—from which dates the rise of Anglo-Saxon and English philology in America,—also form the theme of an interesting passage in this volume, in which, indeed, the compiler might have claimed more for her husband than she does. Among Americans, Thomas Jefferson first saw the importance of early English study; George P. Marsh made that study commanding in itself; and Francis A. March carried forward the work until our achievements equalled those of German scholars and surpassed those of English. Mr. Marsh lived in that time of crystallization of our native scholarship when the crude elementary work of school-teaching scientists was giving way to high achievement; and in his field he was in a true sense one of the epoch-makers.

His long diplomatic career in Italy is not included, of course, in this volume, which describes his previous service in Turkey and Greece. Neither do these pages discuss his greatest book, 'Man and Nature' (1864), afterwards revised under the name of 'The Earth as Modified by Human Action.' The present instalment, however, is valuable in itself, and is welcome to the biographical alcoves of our libraries. Its demerits are three. The style, while clear, is for the most part uninteresting. Nowhere does one find so graphic, just, and readable a characterization as T. Adolphus Trollope gives of Dr. Marsh in his new book of reminiscences. Again, while the prevalent tone is not extravagantly eulogistic, it is not critical. When will writers learn that the *real* biography must connect the man with his time, and judicially set forth his limitations and demerits as well as his triumphs? Mrs. Marsh admits, for instance, that her husband was no lecturer; but the same candor, with advantage rather than disadvantage to her justly honored and beloved life-companion, might have been carried farther even by the loving pen of a widow. One must admit, however, that the excuse is here greater than usual. Lastly, the work would have gained by systematic condensation.

"The Enemies of Books."

WE KNOW of no more effective library-preserved or intellectual-life preserver than Mr. H. B. Wheatley's charming Book-Lover's Library, a series of volumes dedicated to the care and decent treatment of our 'silent friends,' who, even if 'shelved,' are perpetually instructing us and lightening our daily labors. Mr. Blades, in the last volume, introduces his pages dramatically with a picture of a servant-girl using a Caxton to light a fire. No sooner are we rid of the sight of this domestic Caliph Omar consigning a library to the flames, than we are harrowed up anew at a picture of corsairs tumbling inestimable MSS. and vellums into the sea. Further on, 'boots' is pounding dust out of the 'governor's coat—in the library. Then succeeds the 'image of the bookworm as it is graven' in Hooke's 'Micrographia' (1665)—a frightful-looking larva, no less terrible to book-lovers than the preceding elements of Fire, Water, and Earth,—a

veritable Mephistopheles in horns. On the heels of this vision of the literary caterpillar comes the vellum-demon, *Mus bibliophilus*—the terrible rats and mice that have a liking for mutton (or sheepskin) and sharpen their intellectual teeth on the edges of priceless tomes. Then one is whirled dramatically away to those cruel foes of books, the bookbinders, whose 'plow' is one of the deadliest weapons to books, cutting away margins, placing the print in a false position relatively to the back and head, and sometimes even denuding the work of portions of the very text. Next, those 'two-legged predators,' the collectors and bibliomaniacs, are soundly rated for their shortcomings in entombing their collections after they have made them, and leaving them—like old Pepys's library—to fall to pieces behind glass doors and silly restrictions. A final picture of children running riot in a precious library, tossing and tumbling the books on the floor, shows the opinion which poor Mr. Blades has wrought himself up into, as to the conduct of these young miscreants. Gas, too, he tells us, injures books so that they have to be rebound, while (so far) the electric light has been found highly favorable to them. But is not Mr. Blades himself a very 'enemy to books'—or at least to book-lovers,—by picturing to us so conscientiously the unknown foes by which our shelves are daily and nightly besieged?

Zola's "La Terre." *

ZOLA'S 'La Terre' has been announced with all the usual excitement of the author's admirers and detractors. A whispered comment to the effect that Mr. Howells had said that even 'La Terre' represented a phase of life which had a legitimate place in fiction, has roused almost as much discussion as the book itself. One takes up even the 'expurgated' American edition with some curiosity to see what it is that is at once so bad and so salable; and one puts it down with a conviction that the absolute and undisguised badness is less objectionable than the gilded badness of much literature that circulates 'in the best circles.' The reported great sales of so uninteresting a story are incomprehensible, but the importance of so suggestive a study to the student of humanity is undeniably to be considered in pronouncing on its right to exist. Mr. Howells is right in saying, if he did say it, that the phase of life is one it behooves us not to ignore. The bestiality of Zola has this excuse: that it is the bestiality of a class that could not well be otherwise than bestial. It is of a kind to rouse a profound pity for creatures weighed down by heredity and environment, till they can no more help being the degraded things they are, than the butterfly can help fluttering and glittering in the sunshine. It is of a kind to rouse also a profound sense of the terrors, the dangers, the revenges, to which the state and the aristocratic classes are exposing themselves by their indifference to the degradation and the suffering of such a class as is represented in 'La Terre.' It is possible to perceive in Zola a desire, not to wallow in sensuality for its own sake, but to rouse the student to a sense of what sensuality, constant degradation, intolerable and irremediable poverty, and hopeless physical suffering, will lead the peasant class to, born as they are without higher instincts, and bred as they are without noble teaching to ward off natural consequences. As a story, we cannot conceive of anybody's finding it interesting; it is dull, slow, unpleasant, and bestial; but as a study, one reads between the lines and is filled with pity and a wholesome sense of warning. Instinctively one reflects that, horrible as these creatures are, they are the creatures we are allowing to live in just such ways in the tenement districts of our own city. A single characteristic clings to a writer irrevocably when once generally known. 'Zola' has become a synonym for everything that is bad; and when a suspicion of profligacy, sensuality, and riotous bestiality appears in other work, we are

* The Enemies of Books. By Wm. Blades. New Edition. \$1.25. (The Book Lover's Library.) New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.

* La Terre. By Emile Zola. Translated by G. D. Fox. 75cts. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.

wont to shrink from the suggestion of 'an American Zola.' But it is safe to say that the American Zolas have never based their sensuality and bestiality on any such ground as a revelation or a warning or an impulse to pity, as may be perceived by the careful reader of Zola himself.

A Parnassian Butterfly Show.*

LATELY we were not a little entertained by a display of butterflies collected from the four corners of the earth. There were masqueraders in leaf and fungus colors, rainbow-tinted wonders from Celebes and New Guinea; there were pellucid wreaths of insect life from the Amazon, and there was Psyche arrayed in the dusk harmonies of strange night-moths. It was noticeable, however, that to the first delight in this brilliant still-life spectacle of the flutter-winged world, there soon succeeded an unmistakable sense of *ennui*. A similar effect is produced upon the reader who takes up Mr. Gleeson White's closely packed little volume entitled 'Ballades and Rondeaus.' Yet—shall we own it?—in our case the sense of *ennui* was not strongly pronounced until we had tried to write a triolet, the effort being crowned with a moderate but most ominous success! The latter adjective we use advisedly; for we have a vivid presentiment that if the contagion of imitation spread by these odd three hundred specimens of French forms can thus affect the hardened reviewer, it will produce a rapid increase of cis-Atlantic ballade and rondeau poetry. Experimenters in this direction cannot but be encouraged by the advantage afforded in a collection which brings before them the best examples of the 'Gallic bonds' as worn by the Muse of English verse; as also they must receive much helpful suggestion from the editor's careful and lucid showing of the exact requisition of each form.

Aware of the look askance with which these butterfly-like *nugae* are regarded by the generality of critics, the editor in his introductory chapter throws in a touchingly ingenuous little side-plea for his favorites. Alluding to the technical exactions enforced by the sonnet, and to the train of mediocre sonneteers of the present time, he further remarks that in the rondeau or ballade such writers 'might find pleasing forms, not merely to display true poetic thoughts (if they have the power to do so), but verse that has in its shape some air of novelty still, and would sound less like the faint re-echoes of a stronger song—the frequent effect of many a modern sonnet.' This suggestion is of a piece with the satisfaction which a distinguished musician expressed on hearing that harp-playing was becoming a favorite diversion with young ladies. He approved of the harp-playing, as, presumably, there would be fewer who would devote themselves to the piano! Perhaps the strongest plea for these much-loved, much-flouted forms, might be made on the ground that there is an inherent tricksiness in the poetic make-up, which inevitably leads to the production of metrical curios of one sort or another; nor must we forget (as Mr. White will not permit us) that Chaucer, Gower, Drummund, and other of the early poets, were not guiltless of such divertissement.

The present collection might well be characterized as 'exhaustive'; for the editor has spared no pains to bring together not only such work as that of Messrs. Dobson, Lang, Henley and Gosse, but has included the experimental efforts of many less-known writers, not a few of these being American. The range and temper of themes in this collection are indeed wide and varied. There are villanelles and rondeaus built on some suggestive line of Horace; there is even a rondeau addressed to Q. H. F.! There are triolets tricksey or tender; ballades of kings, of dead poets and of asphodel; there are also ballades of the summer-boarder, and of cricket; and still others couched in the cabalistic parlance of thieves. This spicing of burlesque is in a measure corrective of the cloying sweetness of the seriously intended work,

* *Ballades and Rondeaus, etc.* With a Chapter on the Various Forms, by Gleeson White. \$1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

and inclines us to heed the protest (not humorously made) by one of the included rondeauists:—

Because my soul is sick of fancies wove
Of fervid ecstacies and crimson glows;
Because the taste of cinnamon and cloves
Palls on my palate—let no man suppose
My soul is sick.

Cardinal Wolsey.*

THE Life of Wolsey written for the English Statesmen Series by Prof. Mandell Creighton is based upon the original documents relating to this period, which have been published by the Master of the Rolls; upon the admirable prefaces from the pen of Mr. Breder; and, finally, upon the memoir of Cavendish, the Cardinal's gentleman-usher. Consulting, as he has, the most competent sources for exact information as to Wolsey's career, and following, through State documents and the records of the Foreign Office, the intricate foreign policy of the day, Mr. Creighton has succeeded in presenting a clear and distinct picture of the Cardinal's statesmanship. His purpose is to show that the great and the consistent aim of Wolsey, in the devious and apparently contradictory foreign policies which he from time to time pursued, was to place England in the midst of Continental politics, and make her the arbiter of Europe.

Since the reign of Henry VI, England had not only retired from Continental aggression—she had not only abandoned all her territory upon the mainland except Calais, but her European influence had been lost. This was easily to be explained; for, during the struggle between the Houses of Lancaster and York, her nobility had found battle-fields enough at home; and when Henry VII ascended the throne his tenure of the crown was too uncertain to allow of a spirited foreign policy. While Henry VII was employed in establishing a modified despotism, his Kingdom of England became an insignificant factor in European politics. The power of the throne was vastly increased, the greatness of England vastly lessened. She had become insular in political import and in the councils of the Continent. Henry VIII was a very different man from his father, and he succeeded to the throne under very different conditions. He thirsted for glory, and his throne was secure; moreover the European situation seemed to offer opportunities. The long struggle between Charles V and Francis II offered a hundred occasions for widening English influence, and of these occasions Wolsey strove to make the most. Mr. Creighton shows clearly how and why alliances were made and unmade with France and the Empire; he explains the seeming inconsistencies in England's foreign policy, which both puzzled England and enraged the old party that clung to a 'Spanish Peace'; and the lucid interpretation of all the shifting and turnings in the Cardinal's diplomacy by the simple explanation that Wolsey wished to make England the arbiter between France and the Empire, makes it perfectly evident that his course was entirely consistent.

The personal question of the King's divorce and marriage with Anne Boleyn, however, came into conflict with Wolsey's plan for a French marriage, and was ultimately to result in his fall from power. The obstinacy of the King and the hatred of Anne Boleyn were not to be thwarted or allayed. Neither apology nor self-abasement could induce Henry to forgive the Cardinal for his early opposition to the royal wish. It was during this unhappy time that the Cardinal suffered all the agonies of wounded pride, of thwarted purpose and of humiliated spirit, and that he degraded himself by abject submission. Into the subject of the divorce, Mr. Creighton enters only at sufficient length to make the course of Wolsey plain.

Although the general interest of the volume might have been subserved by a fuller account of the pomp of the Cardinal's household, and due knowledge of Wolsey made

* *Cardinal Wolsey.* By Mandell Creighton. 60 cts. (English Statesmen Series.) New York: Macmillan & Co.

fuller by more definite reference to his excessive greed for money and for office, and to his inordinate vanity, yet the aim of the author has been distinctly limited to the portrayal of him as a statesman; and this end has been accomplished with praiseworthy excellence.

A Prose Pastoral.*

MR. CABLE's happily named 'Bonaventure' is one of the author's most successful efforts. Consisting really of three stories that have appeared separately in *The Century*—'Carancro,' 'Grande Pointe' and 'Au Large,'—it is nevertheless a connected pastoral. The characters are the same, and the plot is that gradual evolution of character in each individual which can hardly be called incident but which certainly is life. The story is realistic, yet is full of the tenderest idealism, and its chief characteristic is charm. Mr. Cable's work, like Miss Murfree's, strong as it has been, is always noticeable for a certain mystic vagueness concealing in a dreamy haze the real vigor of the story. When you have finished it, you are not quite sure what the characters have been doing; you are only delightfully conscious of an exceeding pleasure in what you have been reading. 'Bonaventure' is, in short, a book to read again and again. You cannot exhaust it the first time; and picking it up at odd intervals of leisure, you will not even turn to any one scene that you remember with special pleasure. You will open it at random, possibly in the middle of a chapter, and beginning to read at that point, wander on delightedly till your leisure is exhausted. Open where you will, it will be to find something charming—something not at all in the grand style, but bewitching you with some grace of expression, or 'cute' touch of character, or exquisite description, that will please, and continue to please, long after more elaborate efforts have failed to hold you. Bonaventure is the hero of the story; not a hero with a reputation, a dazzling eye, a jingling spur, and a great command of language; but one of those successful delineations of simplicity made noble, and gentleness made manly, that require the subtlest skill of the artist. The best of the three stories is 'Grande Pointe,' with its acute delineation of the gentle schoolmaster and his foibles. Nothing prettier, hardly anything more touching, has appeared in recent fiction. There is just the right amount of humor to make the pathos more impressive; what is amusing in the homeliness of simplicity is portrayed, without being permitted to become ridiculous for a moment.

"The Island."†

ALARMISTS who are constantly predicting a French Revolution all over the world in a final struggle between capital and labor, will do well to watch certain signs of the times, conspicuous in both society and literature, which give warning of revolution, but revolution without bloodshed. It is a revolution of thought, of feeling, that is impending; and its hopefulness lies in the fact that it is less the lower, and so-called dangerous, classes that are being roused to a sense of the situation, than the upper classes. The clearest warning is coming from the best minds, rather than from the worst; and if we are to be saved from the natural consequences of our own rashness and thoughtless pampering of self and class, it will be by men and writers such as Richard Whiteing, who has given us in 'The Island' a rare intellectual pleasure, and a noble stimulus to practical consideration of the social problems that confront us. His book comes quite unheralded, and its title promises nothing thrilling; but in a very few minutes the reader is conscious that he has got hold of a Book (as Carlyle would write it). The hero is a gentleman who drifts away from England in some disgust and *ennui*, but who is not fully aware what deep cause he has for hating civilization, till he finds himself on the island

* Bonaventure. By George W. Cable. \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† The Island. By Richard Whiteing. \$1.50. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

of Pitcairn, surrounded by islanders as ignorant of 'progress' as anyone in this Nineteenth Century could be. Of course there is a heroine: a girl glorious in her simplicity, yet boundless in her aspirations, and invincible in her belief that the civilization of England is the end and aim of life. To enlighten this lovely Galatea as to what English civilization really is, becomes the duty of the hero; and he does it in pages of some of the most direct and forcible, yet withal eloquent and touching, English that we have been favored with for many a day. It is an arraignment terse and stirring, of society as it is, by one who yet would not dream of subverting all society as it is. It leaves us with the impression that our boasted progress and culture are but poor things compared with what they ought to be and might be; yet the remedy is not to be found in Pitcairn simplicity. When the time comes, the hero goes back to England, and his story calls for a sequel. It is evident that Pitcairn is not the solution of English difficulties, but in this volume the author only attempts to show the difficulties. The method by which he does this is remarkable alike for its keen, severe criticism, and its heartfelt, sympathetic insight. To read it is a decided literary pleasure; but one rises from it moved as well as pleased.

Recent Fiction.

IN 'CHRISTOPHER, AND OTHER STORIES' (Phillips & Hunt), Mrs. Amelia E. Barr gives us eight wholesome tales pervaded by a warm Christian spirit. The title story deals with life in Texas, but the scenes of most of its companions are laid in Yorkshire and Lancashire. The writer is at her best in presenting the vigorous North-of-England character, equally energetic in business and religion. In Crowther and Benjamin Brierley, Jonathan Yeadon and Sam Naylor, she draws strong figures against a vivid background; and these are matched by such women as Sarah Benson and Mary Yeadon—bravely patient, endlessly faithful souls. Shrewdness, tolerance, and tenderness appear throughout the book.—'MASTER OF HIS FATE,' by the same author, (Dodd, Mead, & Co.) is an expansion of one of the stories in the collection first noticed, where it is entitled 'Our Joe.' It relates the experience of a young man who declines to be controlled by a stubborn father with narrow views, only to fetter himself in a more mortifying way by marriage with an exacting heiress. From this bondage he escapes by an absence of two years, spent in learning thoroughly the business of cotton-spinning and calico-printing; and having thus made himself 'master of his fate,' he is received with new respect by his family. The simple but sound moral is

That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.

MRS. MOLESWORTH'S 'Four Ghost Stories' (Macmillan & Co.) are of the modern psychical type, and are written in so excellently matter-of-fact a style as to be very convincing. Two of the 'ghosts' come, strictly speaking, under the head of apparitions of persons yet living; one is most interested, however, in the genuine ghost of the young Englishman seen in the strange inn at Silberbach, an uncanny place described with a skilful working-up of the reader's curiosity. The author rejects all the old-fashioned spectral paraphernalia; and one is hardly conscious of a single movement of scepticism while perusing these reasonable tales. They induce a state of mind in which the appearance of a spirit on the other side of the breakfast-table, or opposite one in an elevated railroad car, would create little surprise.—THERE is some clever work in 'The New Judgment of Paris,' by Philip Lafargue. (Macmillan & Co.) The story is that of an exceedingly practical and unemotional young woman, whose beauty brings to her feet three suitors at once: a sensitive artist, of high ideals, who is the most elaborately-drawn figure in the book; a robust political economist; and a hearty young captain, harassed by debts, who eventually comes into a baronetcy and carries off the prize. There is much thought exhibited in the delineation of the enthusiast, Trevor, and of the earnest, spectacled, aesthetically clad little Eva, who cannot get people to take her seriously, and who wavers between devotion to science and surrender to religion; and power is displayed in the struggle of Sister Irene with her conscience, culminating in the resolve to break a solemn promise and deplete her nephew's income for the sake of her hospital work. Among bright minor touches is the unflattering description of Mrs. Doncaster's utterly villainous pet dogs—a description 'undertaken in the interests of literary truth, most previous writers having apparently met only with dogs

of angelic virtues combined with almost superhuman intelligence.' The most marked fault of the novel is the unnatural brilliancy, formality, and finish of the dialogue.

'ONLY A CORAL GIRL,' by Gertrude Forde (Franklin Square Library), is quite a strong and prettily told story for one of such old-fashioned methods. The coral girl is a girl who sells coral, and who marries a rich young Englishman above her sphere who has every reason to be satisfied with the way she endures his follies, gets him out of his scrapes, reconciles him to his family, and finally expiates herself, all his misdemeanors. The fact remains the same, that such a *mésalliance* is seldom a wise or commendable step; but the story is a pretty one, in some respects.—'ISIDRA,' by Willis Steel (Ticknor & Co.), a Mexican romance dealing with the period of the French occupation, would have been a capital story had it been told briskly, in sharper style and in less ornate language; and it would have been further improved, had the author been somewhat more accurate in his local descriptions and in his spelling of Spanish words. The fact is to be noted, however, that as the stirring climax is approached, the style decidedly improves; and the story as a whole may be commended as fairly illustrative of certain phases of an exceedingly interesting epoch in Mexican history.

'THE MAJOR'S LOVE,' by Ella Brown Price (Peterson Bros.), is called 'The Sequel of a Crime,' and deals with the embarrassing situation of a gentleman in love with the daughter of a man whom he tried to murder once for having married an earlier love. He always supposed that he did kill the father, as in a forced duel by surprise he had seen the father fall dead to the ground. This means hopeless separation when he comes to love the daughter, until it is discovered opportunely that something else did the deed for the man who died. It is hard to see why in real life the lady should feel any more affection or sympathy for the man who fully meant to kill her father, and who always supposed he had; but in the book they of course live happily ever after.—'THE DOCTOR OF DEANE,' by Mary T. Palmer (D. Lothrop Co.), is an amiable, somewhat old-fashioned story of village life, and the complications arising from the competitive charms of two attractive young women for a susceptible young doctor with a mother. Both heroines are extremely estimable, and several brain-fevers are necessary before the truth is revealed comfortably to all.—'DAVID POINDEXTER'S DISAPPEARANCE' (D. Appleton & Co.) is a collection of short stories by Julian Hawthorne. Most of them are of a weird, uncanny, or mesmeric cast; but Mr. Hawthorne is very skilful with this sort of tale, and the brief romances show touches of the fine art he always exhibits when he takes time to write carefully.

Minor Notices.

ONE HARDLY expected the Hundred-Best-Books controversy to turn up in Germany, the land of omnivorous, indiscriminate reading; yet here it is in Herr A. C. Schönbach's beautifully printed essay, 'Ueber Leben und Biltung' ('On Life and Culture'), published at Grätz, Styria, this year. It is not often that an essay gets itself so agreeably before the world as this—particularly an essay in German, the language famed for wretched print, although, *mirabile dictu!* the very art of printing was invented by Germans more than 400 years ago. Herr Schönbach writes thoughtfully and well on How to Read and What to Read, confessing at the start his deep obligations to Emerson's Essays, John Ruskin, Arthur Helps, John Morley, and Frederic Harrison. It is a compliment to himself that he has called in the aid of such masters to help construct his building. At the end of his pamphlet he subjoins two well-sifted lists of books, consisting of a cosmopolitan selection of all nations, and of a selection carefully made from the German, French, English, American, and Russian modern literatures—novels, travels, etc. The lists are very helpful.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE, to say the least, that the first page of the first volume of a collected series of miscellaneous essays should begin with such a sentence as this: 'Montaigne is one of those writers who have first surprised and shocked their age, and then become its most popular author.' Had a Freshman thus begun his first theme, his tutor would have been so 'surprised and shocked' as to hand the lucubration back for revision at the start. Yet thus Dean R. W. Church, of St. Paul's, who is, in a limited sense, a 'well-known writer,' begins to treat of Montaigne, in a volume of 'Miscellaneous Essays.' (Macmillan & Co.) The rest of the book, with its discussions of Brittany, Cassiodorus, the character of Gregory I, and the early Ottomans, is not so bad as this; for Dr. Church is a well-read and intelligent thinker. But he is apparently too advanced in years to be able to modify an essentially loose and careless style. Some of the later sentences in this essay on Mon-

taigne are almost inextricable tangles of speech. We must take Dean Church's thought and not his utterance, if we would get benefit from his book; for the contrast between Montaigne's pithy old French and his own discursive English seems to have taught him nothing. The Brittany essay dates back to 1846, and begins with the reflection that 'Steam has done wonders, and promises more, for those who desire to see with their own eyes what is far off, and who delight in the contrast of juxtaposition between what is familiar and what is remote and strange,' etc. In this paper Dean Church quotes from his lively contemporary, Mr. Adolphus Trollope, and once more the contrast is injurious. With due respect to the author's extensive reading and excellent purpose, he must be called a decidedly superfluous essayist; and his demerits are emphasized by the fact that his book is beautifully issued by the Macmillans in style uniform with their well-known sets of Gray, Lamb, Emerson, Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, and John Morley. Something more than type and binding, or even ecclesiastical dignity, is needed in literature. The remaining volumes of the series will consist of a second collection of essays; 'St. Anselm,' reissued from Macmillan's Sunday Library; and the author's useful lives of Spenser and Bacon, written for the English Men-of-Letters Series.

WE HAVE ALWAYS been rather sceptical about 'Complete Letter-Writers.' The puzzle is, who uses them? The utterly untutored must lack capability to apply their forms successfully, and those who possess ordinary knowledge of English grammar and spelling, and who have really anything to say, must find such forms an encumbrance. The only work of the kind that commends itself to us was arranged, we believe, by Mr. Frank R. Stockton; our preference for it is not based, however, on purely practical grounds. 'Everybody's Letter-Writer' (Chicago : T. S. Denison) is certainly comprehensive in its scope; and there is an ingenious connection between the examples given, which imparts to the book a mild—a very mild—interest, resembling that which attaches to a certain pale type of youthful novel. But may we suggest that the 'terse-yet-vivacious' love-letter in which Mr. Frank Houston informs Miss Amy Clark that he 'some time ago proposed to our mutual friend, Miss Doane, but she did not reciprocate my affection,' and begs his present correspondent not on that account to consider his love 'warmed-over fragments,' is a trifle lacking in tact? May we hint that it shakes our confidence in Mrs. E. F. Beaumont (formerly Miss Alma Towne) as an educator, when she recalls herself to the memory of Miss May H. Preston as 'a teacher here when you was a very small child,' and ambiguously adds 'Your brother and wife are among my dearest friends?' And may we deplore the expressions 'your once sweetheart,' and 'my short time friend,' and express the hope that 'Yours in memory's thrall' will not become popular as a style of signature?

THE PUBLICATION of a new and enlarged edition of the 'Overland Guide,' by James W. Steele (Rand, McNally & Co.), affords practical proof of the utility of this modest but excellent little work. In convenient form, Mr. Steele has brought together a great deal of interesting historical and general information concerning the region traversed by the Atchison, Topeka & Sante Fé route westward, and about the State of California. As a rule, his historical statements—ranging from the time of the early Spanish explorers down through Indian fighting and border-ruffian times to the present day—are commendably accurate; he gives a good notion, though a somewhat rose-colored one, of the existing conditions of Western life; and even his laborious lists of Spanish names with English translations or explanations for the most part are correct. The only evidence of an advertising motive in his book is his cheery statement that the dining-car system has not been adopted on the Sante Fé route, because 'the journey is a long one, and it is pleasanter for passengers to seat themselves at a table that stands still, and enjoy a meal for which the old-fashioned twenty minutes gives place to a full half-hour.' To travellers who know by sad experience how 'the old-fashioned twenty minutes' frequently is shortened to eighteen or even fifteen minutes; how the meal-hours vary picturesquely with the variations of on-time and off-time of the trains; and how, sometimes, on emerging from that up-stairs dining-room at Topeka, the pleasing discovery is made that their train has gone off and left them stranded there, this lauding of eating-stations at the expense of hotel cars will appear, to put it mildly, a little strained.

TO THE ZEAL and generosity of the late Hon. J. Carson Brevoort, the Long Island Historical Society was greatly indebted from the beginning of its existence. At its meeting on Dec. 15 last, a memorial minute was adopted, which, with a preceding brief biography, appropriately recognizes his learning and labors in several fields of usefulness. The pamphlet containing these records also

commemorates the late A. S. Barnes, the publisher; the Hon. John Greenwood, one of the five founders of the Society; and Mrs. Urania B. Humphrey, a generous donor of books, works of art, and money. By the work of these and other helpers, the Society is now firmly established, and is solidly beneficial to the community which it serves.—AN ORATION before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Marietta College, delivered last June by Prof. J. H. Chamberlin, had for its theme 'The Genesis of Literature,' that is, of poetry as the earliest literary form. Poetry, says the writer, is akin to music, and music to noise, the fondness for which (or more properly for sound) is peculiarly a characteristic of the human animal. This argument, true in essentials, is pushed in this instance rather too far. From unrhythymical sounds to vibratory sounds, from these to sing-song, and from sing-song to verse-form as the expression of ideal thought, the mind struggles upward. This development of language as a means of talk-expression in song is concisely and clearly stated in Prof. Chamberlin's modest paper.—'CHIPS FROM A TEACHER'S Workshop,' by L. R. Klemm, Ph.D. (Lee & Shepard), is a suggestive little book of practical hints on teaching. The style is simple and colloquial, the suggestions are copiously illustrated by anecdote, and the methods advocated are in harmony with advanced modern thought. A brief 'History of Education' is included in the volume.

Mr. Arnold's Health in America

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

I find, among my belongings, two or three letters from Mr. Matthew Arnold, one of which touches lightly on the mournful note that has not yet ceased to echo wherever the poet's name is known. During the summer of 1886, Mr. Arnold had promised to visit us at Mount Desert, being anxious to see with his own eyes a spot of which he had heard so much in praise. When the time drew near, we received from Stockbridge, where he was stopping with his daughter who had taken a cottage in Berkshire for the season, the letter of which the following is a part :

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., Aug. 20th, 1886.

I have deferred writing, because I was really anxious to propose coming to you next week, but last night I had again one of the attacks of pain across the chest which your too stimulating climate has given to me ; and as I read in the papers that, at Bar Harbor, a man liable to sea-sickness is thought intolerable, what would be thought there of a man liable to spasms in the chest ? I have, therefore, unwillingly made up my mind to remain quietly here, and to deny myself the very great pleasure of a visit to you. We sail for England on the 4th of September, and I shall need all my solidity for the passage. But I assure you that to fail in my engagement to you is a grievous disappointment.

A few days before this, Mrs. Arnold had written to announce her husband's indisposition :

Instead of writing to tell you the train by which Mr. Arnold and N— hoped to reach Bar Harbor on Tuesday, I am sorry to say I must ask you *not* to expect them at all, on that day. Mr. Arnold has not been well lately, and though he was better the beginning of this week, he has gone back the last day or two, and I am afraid he is not, just now, equal to the long journey. He is very much disappointed at being obliged to give up a pleasure he had been so looking forward to, and he still hopes, if it is convenient to you, to merely postpone his visit for a few days. . . . He has been suffering a good deal from pain across his chest, and the doctor forbids all exertion ; but with a few days' entire rest and quiet, we hope he may be better again, though he will have to keep strict rules as to exercise, such as walking up hill, or doing as much as he has hitherto done.

However great the disappointment to Mr. Arnold's friends in not having his presence to be a memory in their summer home, no one could fail to feel now that the last days of his last visit to America were better spent in the little household and among the dear ones where his best happiness was found. Mr. Arnold's American granddaughter—the winsome blue-eyed baby whose pet name was almost the last word on his lips—was the continual delight of his hours of holiday. The little maid was upon the ocean, within a few hours' sail of her grandfather, when death came to him. And only a few moments before his fall, he had expressed a musing wish that he might 'live to see "the Midget's" children.'

NEW YORK, May 19, 1888.

C. C. H.

On Reading Lowell's "Heart's-Ease and Rue."

HERE's a poet's garden-ground
Where no other flower is found
Save sweet heart's-ease, bitter rue.
Idle thought, to part the two,
They have grown so one in one,
In this magic dew and sun !

From the rue the heart's-ease peers,
Laughs, to lighten pain and fears,
While the plant of mournful grace
Shades the other's riant face.
Strive thou not to tear apart
These two congeners of the heart.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

The Wallack Testimonial

THE performance of 'Hamlet' given in honor of Lester Wallack at the Metropolitan Opera House, last Monday evening, under the management of A. M. Palmer and Augustin Daly, was in every way a success. That it would be a pecuniary success was known as well several weeks ago as it was on Tuesday morning, when Mr. Palmer sent a certified check for \$20,000 to Mrs. Wallack, the wife of the popular actor and manager. That it would be an artistic success was not anticipated by theatre-goers accustomed to the usual slipshod performances on such occasions. Before they caught what proved to be the contagious spirit of enthusiasm that animated some of the chief performers, the actors themselves had very little hope of an artistic triumph. It was not in the nature of things, it seemed, for so many 'stars' to play successfully together, or for 'leading' men and women to satisfactorily fill small parts ; but in this instance the rule was broken, and the result was a performance as memorable for its artistic merit as for the distinction of the names on the program.

Mr. Booth gave a most spirited and graceful rendition of Hamlet, the size and hearty sympathy of the audience spurring him on to some of his finest efforts. As the ghost, Lawrence Barrett was all that could be expected of the departed king. It would be difficult to say who carried off the honors of the evening, they were so evenly divided ; but perhaps the most memorable impersonations were Mme. Modjeska's Ophelia and Joseph Jefferson's First Grave-digger. One reason for this was, of course, that these two parts are seldom taken by artists of the first order. Mme. Modjeska's performance was as beautiful and effective as anything she has ever done in this city. For refinement, delicacy, and intelligence of interpretation, the present generation, so far as we are able to judge, has seen nothing comparable with it. Its beauties were instantly recognized and warmly applauded. Indeed, applause was the order of the evening, but there were differences in its degree. It was never heartier than when Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Florence walked out as the two Grave-diggers.

At the end of the third act the curtain was raised, and Lester Wallack was discovered standing in front of a chair and by the side of a small table laden with flowers. The moment his snow-white hair and ink-black moustache were recognized, there was a tumultuous outbreak of hand-clapping and cheers. Mr. Wallack, who represents so much that is 'traditional' and 'palmy' in connection with the stage in America, stepped to the foot-lights and made a capital little speech; after this there was renewed applause, in which the orchestral brass took part; and then the curtain was lowered, and raised again for the play. As the performance was such a memorable one in every particular, and as it is hardly probable that such distinguished names will ever appear again on one programme, we give the cast in full:

Hamlet.....	Edwin Booth
Ghost of Hamlet's Father.....	Lawrence Barrett
King Claudius.....	Frank Mayo

Polonius.....	John Gilbert
Laertes.....	Eben Plympton
Horatio.....	John H. Lane
Rosencranz.....	Charles Hanford
Guildenstern.....	Lawrence Hanley
Osrice.....	Charles Koehler
Marcellus.....	Edwin H. Vandervelt
Bernardo.....	Herbert Kelcey
Francisco.....	Frank Mordaunt
First Actor.....	Joseph Wheelock
Second Actor.....	Milnes Levick
First Grave-Digger.....	Joseph Jefferson
Second Grave-Digger.....	W. J. Florence
Priest.....	Harry Edwards
Ophelia.....	Helena Modjeska
The Queen.....	Gertrude Kellogg
The Player Queen.....	Rose Coghlan

International Copyright

IT IS BELIEVED that the English publishers who are dissatisfied with the Chace International Copyright bill because it ignores their interests while protecting American and English authors and American publishers, have retained the law-firm of Arnoux, Ritch & Woodford to oppose the bill in Congress. Circulars have been issued, and other steps taken to defeat the measure, which has already passed the Senate and is now before the Judiciary Committee of the House. We have thus far passed over in silence the ill-advised attempts of the English publishers to defeat this bill, but they have reached a stage where a word of protest becomes imperative. If International Copyright fails to become an established fact this year, the authors of England may thank their own publishers for having done their utmost to perpetuate the present anomalous state of the law. The English opponents of the measure are, however, building better than they know; for the knowledge that the reform is distasteful to the British publishers is more likely than any other cause to check the opposition to it of such reactionary legislators in the lower branch of Congress as those who voted against the bill in the Senate.

THE PROPOSITION of Senator Jones of Arkansas to amend the International Copyright bill by knocking out the clause forbidding the importation of more than two copies of any foreign edition of a book copyrighted here, was defeated by a vote of eleven to twenty-six. As thirty-seven members do not constitute a quorum of the Senate, Mr. Jones, in view of the fact that a quorum was present but had not voted, obtained unanimous consent to withdraw his amendment. An amendment offered by Senator Teller of Colorado, limiting the action of the bill to a period of five years, was also lost. The vote on the bill itself, as we have previously stated, was thirty-four to ten. The Senators who voted in its favor were Messrs. Allison, Bate, Blair, Blodgett, Bowen, Brown, Butler, Chace, Chandler, Cullom, Davis, Dolph, Edmunds, Evarts, Farwell, Faulkner, Frye, Hampton, Hawley, Hiscock, Hoar, Ingalls, Mitchell, Morgan, Paddock, Pasco, Payne, Quay, Sawyer, Spooner, Stockbridge, Turpie, Wilson of Iowa, and Wilson of Maryland. Those who voted against it were Messrs. Berry, Call, Eustis, Jones of Arkansas, Pugh, Ranson, Reagan, Saulsbury, Vance and Walthall. The other thirty-two members of the Senate were absent or paired. "So the bill was passed."

The Lounger

K. B. F. WRITES to me from Oakland, Cal.:—"The Lounger's first note in THE CRITIC of April 21, concerning the appearance of an unexplained verse of Scripture in a city paper recalls a similar experience in California some years ago. It was when the Sacramento *Union* was under the control of Jas. Anthony & Co., and a corps of writers who made it a power in the State by reason of its ability and integrity. It was to California what Bryant made *The Evening Post* to New York. Yet it was by no means a religious paper, and its readers were doubtless as much surprised as the Lounger to see for some months a text of Scripture well displayed

in bold-face type in every number. My husband had in his employ at that time a Christianized English Jew, who paid for these verses as for an advertisement. He argued that the paper, in its wide circulation, reached hundreds of men who never opened a Bible or entered a church, and his faith in the power of truth was so great that he believed some heart might be reached by these arrows shot at random. It was poverty of soul, rather than of pocket, which he thought the bar to the spread of Bible truth. Perhaps his mantle (he has been dead many months) may have fallen on some one of like mind."

I WAS WALKING down Park Avenue last week, when my attention was attracted to a fox-terrier puppy, struggling to break loose from a string attached to a stalwart negro. Being very fond of dogs, I stopped to pat this one on the head, inquire his age, etc. He was for sale, and the man had another in a basket—both of them smart little fellows; but I was not buying dogs that morning. As I passed on, the man handed me his business card or what served as such. It was a tiny pamphlet of eight pages and a cover. On the latter was the picture of an excursion barge, with flags flying, pulled along by a sturdy little tug-boat. Inside was the announcement of a free evening exhibition of pictures, 'for a short season, or until further notice, from eight to ten o'clock, . . . attended with music to enliven the occasion.'

This will be something new, tasteful and interesting, as we have never had an exhibition of Art and Science among our race especially of our own genius, and ideas, in this city before. Therefore your humble servant by advice of some friends and a careful consideration, has concluded to open his gallery for the pleasure and benefit of his friends and the public in general; he also respectfully tenders a special invitation to the ministers and their congregations to favor him with their influence and presence at this earnest and instructive enterprise; also the presidents and officers of the different organizations and their members. The undersigned promises to bring as many new features before his visiting friends from time to time, as his circumstances will allow. There will be special reductions made for the benefit of visitors who desire to make purchases on these above named evenings, and positively at no other time. . . . We hope by the aid and assistance of kind visiting friends and the public, to make our gallery the future attraction of art, science, skill and interest for the public benefit that has ever yet been established in this country by our race. Sincerely yours, —————.

THEN FOLLOWS a list of pictures, led off by 'Christ Before Pilate' (not the original), and followed by 'John Brown Kissing the Slave on his Way to the Gallows.' I take it that the pictures in this gallery are engravings, as they are offered at 'prices to suit all from 30 cents up, and no offence to those who do not purchase.' Besides all this, the enterprising proprietor sells a hair-restorer, which he recommends because he knows it to be good, having used it for eight years himself, and also a liniment which he has used for twenty-five years with the best results. I like the man for laying stress upon his own endorsement, instead of running around for letters from actresses and clergymen. But what has all this to do with dogs? you say. On the very last page occurs the line 'We [there is only one of him, but he uses the royal and editorial pronoun] have a few fine bred PET DOGS for sale; Skye and Scotch Terriers,' etc. Verily my friend of the puppy and the covered basket is destined to inherit the mantle of the famous Whately of London, who supplies his patrons indifferently with an ivory paper-cutter or a live elephant, a door-mat or a furnished house.

MR. STEVENSON's friends will rejoice to hear—if they have not already heard it—that a friend in California has put at his service a sailing-vessel of some description—a good-sized sloop, it is said,—in which the author of 'Treasure Island' will start, before long, on a quest for the gold of good health rumored to lie hidden somewhere among the far-off South Sea islands. His family will accompany him; and the voyage is intended, I believe, to outlast the present year.

Coquelin in London

M. COQUELIN has finished his long engagement at the little Royalty Theatre in Soho. For eight weeks he has been playing to crowded houses; critics have actually been loud in their praises; he has been made the fashion. I remember two winters ago, when I used to go every Saturday to the French plays at the same theatre, the stalls and dress-circle were almost empty, and it was possible to arrive at the pit doors just as they were opening and secure a place in the front row. Only once did I see the house crowded, and that was when M. Febvre came over from Paris and gave a matinée of 'L'Ami Fritz,' and all the school-mistresses in London took advantage of the moral occasion to improve their pupils' French. But Coquelin, during his late engagement, changed all

this. If you wished to secure a seat, you had to engage it days beforehand; if you went to the pit, unless you were willing to wait an hour or more at the door, you found yourself in a back row. There was no need of school-girls to fill the house.

That his success in America will be as great, I have no doubt. But there it will not be such a triumph. Americans do not as yet look upon technical perfection in art as a fault. When Coquelin first came to London in the autumn for a three weeks' engagement, the critics seemed to wonder that a man who considered technique could be so good an actor. Technical perfection is not to be despised, one who is looked up to as an authority declared; but still it was plain that he and his fellow-critics did not hold it in very high esteem. Coquelin was just at that time telling unpleasant truths about Mr. Irving; and, as if to enforce them, appeared in 'Le Juif Polonois,' and showed how different, and how much better, was his conception of one of the English favorite's most famous *rôles*. He also ventured to appear in 'Gringoire,' in the English translation of which Mr. Beerbohm Tree had just been distinguishing himself at the Haymarket; while his 'Député de Bombignac' called forth comparisons with Mr. Wyndham's candidate. In spite of all these obstacles he succeeded; and this is why, though financially he may be still more successful in America, he will not there enjoy so great a triumph.

His engagement, which would be interesting at any time, is particularly so in these days of long runs, when an actor's chief ambition is to advertise the one-hundredth, three-hundredth, or five-hundredth performance of his play. Mr. Irving becomes, for the time being, Mephistopheles; Mr. Wyndham is only known as David Garrick. But during eight short weeks, Coquelin has been now Mascarille or Scapin, now the most modern of modern Parisians; one evening he has dreamed and died as Mathias, the next he has laughed and loved as Don Cæsar de Bazan. He has been master and servant, lover and husband, poet and scamp. Moreover, for London theatre-goers his last article in *Harper's*, on 'Acting and Authors,' appeared at the most opportune moment. In it he expressed his theory of the art of acting, the value of which he was just then proving on the stage of the Royalty. 'Each author,' he declares in the article, 'has his peculiar nature, which is revealed in his work, and which the actor ought to reflect, inasmuch as he is not only the interpreter of a character but also the interpreter of an author.' Appearing one night in plays sanctioned by tradition or the Comédie Française, the next in *farce* or comedy more appropriate to the Vaudeville, he showed by his own acting how Molière ought not to be played like Augier, or Jules Saudean like M. Bisson. For an actor, such a course of Coquelin must be invaluable.

M. Bisson is the author of 'Les Surprises du Divorce,' a deliciously funny play which has had a great success in Paris, but as far as I know has not been produced in America. Nothing more ingeniously absurd, nothing more overflowing with fun for the audience, has ever been put on the French stage. It is a masterpiece of clever complications and impossible situations. M. Duval, a musical composer, has married for love a very pretty girl. Unfortunately for him, she has a mother, an ex-ballet-dancer, who comes to live with them. There is no peace in the household; for two years of his married life, poor Duval has been struggling in vain with the opera which is to make him famous. Matters come to a crisis in the first act. The old ballet-dancer, who has preserved all her old smirks and smiles and graces, suddenly appears in her costume of Sylphide, that in it she may be photographed by one of her daughter's admirers, who is an amateur photographer as well as a friend of the husband's. A few minutes after an unusually animated quarrel begins between herself and her son-in-law, in the course of which she gives him a box on the ears. He returns it with interest, but strikes his wife by mistake. Divorce is the only possible consequence of such a scene. In the second act, two years having elapsed, Duval appears again as a married man, but this time with another wife. The new household is as peaceful as the first was stormy. The second wife is motherless; her father has been away since her marriage. Nothing has been heard from him in the meantime. But now a letter comes announcing his immediate return. He follows the letter, bringing with him as bride his son-in-law's divorced wife, and with her, of course, the mother-in-law! Only a Frenchman could have invented such a situation. It is one peculiarly adapted to Coquelin, whose face is more expressive than the words of other actors. When in the midst of his peace and happiness he suddenly comes face to face with the enemy, his expression is something never to be forgotten. The shock fairly sickens him. You see his color fade away; the cold perspiration stands out on his blanched cheeks and forehead; his hair stands on end.

If this is art, why then let Mr. Archer cease his catechising; for the less nature there is in the emotions portrayed by the actor the better. It is just because Coquelin has such unrivalled command

over his own face and features, that his 'word on the physiognomy of the actor on the stage' is so valuable. He will doubtless play the 'Surprises du Divorce' while he is in the United States; of all his plays I think it is the one most certain to put a foreign audience in good humor with him. But, after all, it is not until one has seen his Mascarille and Scapin that one has seen Coquelin—or, indeed, has understood Molière and the spirit of the old *Commedia dell' Arte*. Perhaps, it would be more correct to say, not until one has seen him in his many and dissimilar parts, can one begin to realize the greatness of his art.

Additional interest was given to his performances here by the appearance with him of his son Jean Coquelin. He is still very young, but is already in certain parts, such as that of the Marquis in Sandeau's 'Mademoiselle de la Seiglière,' an excellent actor. It was pleasant to see father and son acting together, and it was at such times the latter showed to special advantage. Coquelin *cadet* also was in London, but only for three performances. He was amusing, but scarcely worth the extra charge to Coquelin's ordinary 'brutally dear' prices, as I heard a well-known novelist call them.

LONDON, April 30, 1888.

E. R. P.

The Magazines

THE June *Atlantic* opens with a very brilliant and unique contribution—the first instalment of 'Miser Farrell's Bequest,' by J. P. Quincy. 'The Queen behind the Throne,' to whom Ellen Terry Johnson's interesting long article is devoted, is the Princess des Ursins, here viewed as 'a woman whose force of intellect, calm judgment, and statesmanlike ability surpassed that of any uncrowned ruler of her sex in history.' The story of 'The Discovery of the Rocky Mountains,' by the brothers La Vérendrye in 1743, is related by Francis Parkman. Mrs. Dorr describes a visit 'To Cawdor Castle and Culloden Moor,' and Theodore Child treats of 'The Literary Career in France.' E. H. House's earnest serial proceeds in its unveiling of the tragic conditions of modern Japanese life. The twelfth chapter of Miss Murfree's 'Despot' concludes with a singularly weird situation, which leaves the reader in suspense. There are poems by Edith M. Thomas and Graham R. Tomson. The latter's 'A Wayside Calvary' is a fine, strong, and fresh bit of verse. Aubrey de Vere's Essays are reviewed, and there is a sketch of 'A Southern Planter'—Mr. Thomas Dabney—from a biography written by his daughter.

The novel of the June *Lippincott's* is a mild tale by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow, with a fascinating villain who 'smiled diabolically' and a heroine who 'looked like a young empress, with her splendid figure silhouetted against' the lace curtains. Miss Louise Imogen Guiney contributes a characteristic 'Little Treatise on Plagiarisms.' The extravagant story of 'The Yellow Shadow,' by Henry Doone, contains some amusing points. Judge Tourgee, in the fifth instalment of 'With Gauge & Swallow,' tells of 'A Shattered Idol'—a 'splendid, incomparable case,' which presented 'every possible complexity of right and relation that our dual civilization and dual form of government could evolve, but which was never tried, owing to a certain generous action of the old lawyer who is the narrator. Philip G. Hubert, Jr., gives a brief account of 'Mr. Ruskin's Guild of St. George,' containing extracts from the Master's unhelpful last report, and also the curious creed and promises subscribed to by all members of the Guild. 'From Libby to Freedom,' by J. M. Oakley, is an unvarnished narrative of the escape of three reckless young officers from the Richmond tobacco-factory known as Prison No. 6. Florence Earle Coates has a good sonnet, 'Limitations,' and Clinton Scollard an Oriental poem, 'Princess Badoura,' which hardly equals in charm that rare combination of color and melody, 'As I Came Down from Lebanon.' Other poems are by Mary Ainge De Vere and Edgar Fawcett.

The *Journal of American Folk-Lore* (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) is the organ of the newly established Folk-Lore Society. It is a quarterly publication, of about a hundred pages, bearing a close resemblance in externals to the monthly reviews, and in several of its articles quite equal, in literary finish and in interest, to the best of these, whether English or American. The 'general editor' is Mr. W. W. Newell, who is assisted by Dr. Franz Boas, Prof. T. Frederick Crane, and the Rev. J. Owen Dorsey. The contents are remarkably varied and attractive. Prof. Crane gives an appropriate sketch of the different views which are held in regard to the 'diffusion of popular tales,' showing how much is yet to be learned on this subject. Mr. Newell has a singularly interesting article, full of novel and surprising facts, on the 'Myths of Voodoo Worship and Child Sacrifice in Hayti,' from which it appears that the Haytians, and also our Southern Negroes, have been grievously maligned by Froude and other writers of the illiberal class. Voodooism, it is pretty clearly shown, is not an African superstition at all, but comes from Europe. 'Voodoo' is a corruption of *Vaudois*,

and is derived from the name of Peter Waldo, the apostle of the Waldenses. The orgies and cruelties with which the name has been associated in Hayti and elsewhere are as purely mythical and fictitious as those which, in Europe, have been ascribed to Jews and heretics by their enemies. A paper by Prof. Carrington Bolton on 'The Counting-out Rhymes of Children' is entertaining and highly suggestive. The well-known doggerels, 'one-ery, two-ery, ickery Ann, and 'ena, mena, mina, mo'—and many like them in all parts of the world,—are survivals of magic spells of the times of sorcery. Dr. Brinton, in his 'Lenapé Conversations,' furnishes some instructive facts concerning the customs and language of the Delaware Indians, derived from the Rev. Albert S. Anthony, a well-educated Indian missionary of that tribe in Canada, who aided Dr. Brinton in the preparation of his Lenapé dictionary. The 'Onondaga Tales' of the Rev. W. M. Beauchamp, Dr. Boas's 'Songs and Dances of the Kwakiutl Indians of British Columbia,' and Mr. Dorsey's Dakota myths and songs (including a very striking 'Teton Ghost-Story') are valuable additions to our store of Indian Folk-lore. Dr. Boas and Mr. Dorsey have been laudably careful to preserve the curious and characteristic music of the songs. The editor's Notes and Queries, Folk-Lore Scrap-Book, and Bibliographical Notes, are all pleasantly readable. If the *Journal* continues to maintain the excellence and attractiveness of its first number, the subscribers (who, as we understand, will be also members of the Society, without further contribution) should be numbered, not by the hundred, but by the thousand.

The last two numbers of the *American Journal of Philology* (31 and 32) more than fulfil the ideal set for it by its accomplished editor and contributors. Naturally, in such a journal, one does not look for 'popular science' or popular articles of any sort. The articles, happily, all illustrate the new evangel of 'original research,' and many of them are important contributions to classical and Oriental grammar and philology. Prof. Haupt writes on 'The Assyrian E-vowel,' the editor, on 'The Article with the Infinitive in Greek'; Prof. Elliott on 'Speech-Mixture in French Canada'; and Prof. Humphreys undertakes to show that errors have here and there crept into Liddell and Scott and 'Harpers' Latin Dictionary.' In No. 32, there is an exceedingly weighty article on 'The Origin of the Latin Gerund and Gerundine,' in German, by Karl Brugman. The book-notices are generally exhaustive and admirable, and include books in the modern as well as in the ancient languages. Reports of the contents of foreign philological journals, notes, and 'brief mention' fill each number very full of meat and drink for the stay-at-home scholar.

The Pennsylvania Magazine for April continues the publication of Bishop Ettwein's translation of Zeisberger's 'Essay of an Onondaga Grammar' (contributed and carefully edited by Mr. John W. Jordan), which was commenced in the previous number. This essay has a special interest for philologists, as showing the changes which the pronunciation of the language has undergone in the course of a century. One element—the sound of *r*—which was in frequent use in Zeisberger's time, has since completely disappeared—as it is now, curiously enough, gradually disappearing from English pronunciation. Mr. Charles P. Keith gives an interesting biography of Sir William Keith, the Pennsylvanian Governor in Franklin's early days, who, though somewhat visionary, and, unfortunately for himself, a spendthrift, was yet one of the most enlightened and liberal of the Colonial Governors.—The second number of *The American Anthropologist*, like the first, shows striking evidence of the interest which researches into the 'science of man' have lately acquired. The two numbers of this valuable quarterly, which began in January last, under an editorial committee of the Anthropological Society of Washington, contain valuable papers on the 'Law of Malthus,' by Dr. Welling; on 'Time-keeping in Greece and Rome,' by Col. F. A. Seeley; on 'The Human Hand,' by Dr. Frank Baker; on the 'Chanc-Abal Tribe and Language,' by Dr. Brinton; an elaborate essay by Major Powell, entitled 'From Barbarism to Civilization,' contesting with much force some of the views of Herbert Spencer; an extremely curious paper by Dr. Washington Matthews, 'The Prayer of a Navajo Shaman'; and many other articles and editorial notes of great interest.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes

MR. F. S. CHURCH's well-known picture, 'The Witch's Daughter,' has been reproduced in photo-platinotype, by permission of the owner, Mr. W. S. Ward, for the benefit of the Summer Rest Society, which has for its aim the maintenance of a summer home for self-supporting gentlewomen. Only 100 copies are issued, and a large number has already been sold. Each copy receives finishing

touches at the hands of the artist. The picture is fifteen by nine inches in size, and framed copies of it are sold for \$10. Mr. Church's poetic idea of a young woman, in airy garments, poised in the curve of the new moon, in solemn converse with an owl, has received the compliment of being extensively pirated in Europe. The present authorized reproductions are to be had of the Treasurer of the Society, Miss Louise Griswold, at 9 West 9th Street.

—An exhibition of work by students in the life-modelling class of the Art-Students' League was held on Tuesday. The figures were of male nude figures, full-length, in poses difficult to render. The work was very good and showed an admirable method.

—Paul Rénoir, the French artist, is in Washington, making sketches for *Harper's Weekly*.

—Gold medals have been awarded as follows at the Prize-Fund exhibition: For the best landscape, to Chas. Harry Eaton, for 'Landscape, No. 116,' best marine, to J. C. Nicoll, for 'The Sea,' best figure composition, to Percy Moran, for 'The Forgotten Strain,' and best sculpture, to C. E. Dallin of Boston, for his 'Indian Hunter.' The votes were cast by post.

—It is proposed to erect a statue in memory of Horace Greeley in the City Hall Park. Members of Typographical Union No. 6 and of Horace Greeley Post No. 557 have been appointed a committee to devise a method of collecting the money, and to decide on the design for the monument.

—Franklin Simmons, the sculptor, who lives at Rome, arrived here a few days ago. He has finished his statue of Longfellow for Portland, Maine, and will attend the unveiling of it.

—The Gilbert Stuart portrait of Washington purchased by Mr. H. O. Havemeyer and presented to the Metropolitan Museum, was placed on exhibition last Tuesday. When Stuart painted the portrait, he occupied a studio in a house at Washington belonging to Mr. Daniel Carroll, for whom the portrait was painted. It has been in the possession of the Carroll family ever since. In 1842, a copy of it was made by G. P. A. Healy for Louis Philippe.

—The art department of the Munich exhibition will contain sixty or seventy works by Whistler, including his famous portraits of his mother and of Lady Archibald Campbell. Mr. Whistler will also be well represented at one of the leading Paris exhibitions during the summer.

—The Arundel Society has published a chromo-lithograph of a famous picture by Vittore Carpaccio, one of the early Venetian painters. It is 'St. Jerome in his Study,' in the Church of San Giorgio dei Schiavoni. The Saint, seated at a long table at the right, is engaged in the act of writing. Books and missals lie on the platform all about him. His book-shelves are at the left, and the background is filled by a shrine and cupboards. At the lower left-hand corner is a small white woolly dog with a sharp muzzle and black eyes, of a breed (or no breed) common in Italy at the present time. The introduction of this dog, posed as an heraldic lion, is one of the touches that make Carpaccio's works so modern in their feeling of domestic intimacy. The *naïveté* and charm of this composition cause it to rank among the best of the painter's minor works.

—An exhibition of Durer's prints will be held next autumn at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts under the auspices of S. R. Koehler. Many of the plates will be lent by Henry Sewall of New York. An interesting exhibition of objects illustrating the methods of the graphic arts is now open at the National Museum, Washington. It was organized by Mr. Koehler.

—A collection of Korean and Chinese works of art, including pictures, keramics, bronzes, lacquers, fans, and other objects, is on view at the rooms of Mr. Edward Grey. It was made in Korea several years ago by Pierre L. Jouy, an attaché of the Smithsonian, and affords an opportunity to study the art of Korea under more favorable conditions than ever before in New York. The hanging-pictures (*kurim*) are especially interesting. They show a more robust and realistic art than the Japanese, and in their effects of color, as well as combinations of form, suggest the old Slavonic missal illuminations endowed with the vigor of the French impressionists. Very interesting is an album of paintings and poems which presents a complete epitome of Korean pictorial art. Among the bronzes are some images of Buddha, one showing the natural patina or flower of the bronze. There is something of Etruscan character in these images. The ancient porcelains (mortuary vessels) are valuable to archaeologists. The ancient porcelains form an interesting group, and the lacquers illustrate the methods learned by the old Koreans from the Chinese. The lanterns of oiled paper, the queer bulging folding fans, and the equally queer open ones, with their significance of color and form, are by no means to be regarded as trivial objects for an art-collection.

Notes

THE Schlicht & Field Co. of Rochester, known to the reading-world by its imprint on *The Cosmopolitan*, has failed. The firm deals in office-supplies and labor-saving devices, and has always been supposed to be financially solid. It began to publish *The Cosmopolitan* about two years ago. The office was removed to this city before long; and three or four months ago, the imprint of The Cosmopolitan Magazine Co. (of which U. S. Grant, Jr., was Vice President), appeared on the cover. The Rochester firm still remained large stockholders in the publishing company, but whether their interest was a controlling one or not, we do not know. An officer of the new company declares that the magazine will continue to appear.

—At the June meeting of the New York Historical Society, a paper entitled 'The Fairfaxes of England and America,' written by Mrs. Burton N. Harrison—at the request, by vote, of the Society,—will be read by Prof. Charles Carroll.

—Mr. Erastus Brainerd writes to us to say that the Government of Paraguay, which he has the honor of representing at Philadelphia, is desirous of procuring catalogues of books on constitutional law, political economy, and American and general history. If any publishers or booksellers who may issue catalogues containing titles of such works will send three copies to Mr. Brainerd in care of the Philadelphia *Daily News*, they will be received with thanks and forwarded.

—On leaving New York for England a few weeks ago, 'Max O'Rell' wrote to a friend in this city: 'We shall probably come to America at no very distant day, so I will say, not adieu but au revoir.'

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish to-day (Saturday), 'Henry Hobson Richardson and his Works,' by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, with a portrait, twenty-six full-page heliotypes, and over seventy other sketches, illustrating the architect's works—a \$20 book, of which only 500 copies will be issued; also, 'The King of Folly Island, and Other People,' by Sarah O. Jewett; 'Missouri,' by Lucien Carr, in the American Commonwealth Series; and 'Ten O'Clock,' a fifty-cent pamphlet, by James Abbott M'Neill Whistler, the artist.

—*Apropos* of Mr. Buckham's article, 'Shall Literature be Taught?' published in our issue of May 5, 'B.' sends us the following passage from Mr. Lowell's essay, 'Shakspeare once More':

There would be no dispute about the advantages of that Greek culture which Schiller advocated with such generous eloquence, if the great authors of antiquity had not been degraded from teachers of thinking to drillers in grammar, and made the ruthless pedagogues of root and inflection, instead of companions for whose society the mind must put on her highest mood. . . . There is much that is deceduous in books, but all that gives them a title to rank as literature in the highest sense is perennial.

—Mr. Edwards Roberts has written for *Harper's Monthly* a paper entitled 'Two Montana Cities,' another on 'Portland, Oregon,' and two others on California, one relating to small fruits and the other to wine-making.

—Mrs. Will H. Low, wife of the artist, has translated Mr. Stevenson's 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' into French for the *Nouvelle Revue*: Its publication will begin with the September number, and the story will afterward be issued in book form by Plon & Cie. The translator and her husband are old friends of Mr. Stevenson's (see 'Underwoods'); and in their library may be found a copy of every edition of 'Treasure Island' that has appeared at home or abroad.

—Prof. Henry Drummond, author of 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World,' has written a volume on 'Tropical Africa,' describing his recent visit to that country and giving one or two chapters of natural history, and notes regarding the latest phases of the slave trade and African politics generally. Messrs. Scribner will issue it.

—*Belford's Magazine* for June will be the first number of the new Magazine of which Donn Piatt is editor. It is now ready for publication.

—Mr. Andrew Lang has long been a contributor of editorial literary articles to the London *Daily News*, and a friend has compiled a sufficient number of them to make a volume, which will appear soon under the title, 'Lost Leaders.'

—One of the oldest, best known, and most highly esteemed clergymen in New York has passed away in the person of the Rev. Dr. Wm. F. Morgan, Rector of St. Thomas's Church at Fifth Avenue and 53d Street. Dr. Morgan had ministered to his congregation for some forty years, we believe, and was just about to be relieved of the active duties of his office by Dr. Brown of Buffalo, when his last illness came upon him.

—The Fellowcraft Club was organized on Thursday evening of last week, by the election of the following officers for the first year: President, Richard Watson Gilder; Vice-President, Charles J. Taylor; Secretary, Robert G. Butler; Treasurer, George F. Foster; Board of Governors, John Foord, Julian Ralph, Edward A. Dithmar, Ballard Smith, Frank M. White, Earl D. Berry, Arthur F. Bowers, Julius Chambers, William B. Bininger. The club has taken up its quarters in the house recently vacated by the Republican Club at No. 32 West 28th Street. It is composed of journalists, magazine writers and artists connected with the periodical press, and has a present membership of about 200. Resolutions were adopted last Thursday thanking Mr. Franklin File and Mr. Julian Ralph for their zealous and efficient work in starting the Club.

—It is understood that Mr. Chauncey M. Depew will be elected a Fellow of Yale College next month, as successor to the late Chief Justice Waite. The Yale Corporation has announced its intention of adhering to its original action in regard to the site of the proposed new building, and 'the historic fence' is consequently doomed.

—It is said that Col. Grant has offered to pay Gen. Badeau his claim for \$10,000 in full, provided he would drop all litigation in the matter of the Grant Memoirs, but that the offer has been refused.

—Justice Vann of the Supreme Court has decided in favor of the plaintiff in the case of J. J. Little & Co., printers, against Chas. L. Webster & Co., publishers. Messrs. Little & Co. claim that Messrs. Webster & Co. had contracted with them to print the Grant Memoirs, and after the first volume was printed had given the second to another firm to print. The Court ruled that the contract was for printing 'the book,' and that the Memoirs made but one book, no matter how many volumes they might be divided into. Messrs. Little recovered \$2000 damages.

—Princeton College is to be visited by Mrs. Cleveland to-day (Saturday). President McCosh will give a reception in her honor in the morning, and in the afternoon the party will witness the third championship game between Yale and Princeton. The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church will visit Princeton on the same day.

—T. Y. Crowell & Co. have in press for immediate publication 'Power and Liberty,' by Count Tolstoi—an essay on the law of necessity in history, and a sequel to 'Napoleon and the Russian Campaign.'

—At a recent library sale in Paris, \$1400 was paid for a copy of 'Les Amours Pastorales de Daphnis et Chloé,' which formerly belonged to Mme. de Pompadour. Another copy, formerly in the library of the Château Giron, fetched \$1350. An autograph letter of Sir Isaac Newton was sold to Trinity College, Cambridge, a few weeks ago for \$315.

—Senator Hoar introduced a bill in the Senate on Monday to create Andrew D. White of Ithaca, N. Y., George Bancroft of Washington, Justin Winsor of Cambridge, William F. Poole of Chicago, H. B. Adams of Baltimore, and Clarence W. Bowen of Brooklyn, a body politic under the style of the American Historical Association, for the promotion of historical studies, the collection and preservation of historical manuscripts, and for kindred purposes in the interests of American history and of history in America. The association is granted power to hold property not in excess of \$500,000 in value, and the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution are authorized to permit the Association to deposit its collections, manuscripts, books, and other material in the Smithsonian Institution and the National Museum.

—A biography of Emerson, by Dr. Richard Garnett, will be the June volume of the English series of Great Writers.—Robert Grant has just completed a story called 'Jack in the Bush,' a continuation, to some extent, of 'Jack Hall.'—The Rev. E. E. Hale has engaged to write for *Wide Awake* a series called 'The Story of Boston Common,' the first part of which will appear in the June number.

—Canon Ainger contemplates an enlarged edition of the Life of Lamb, which he contributed a few years ago to the English Men-of-Letters Series—a volume that shall rank in size and completeness with the edition of Lamb's works which he has prepared.

—*America* is the latest, and promises to be the most successful, attempt to found a high-class weekly in the West. Its list of contributors is the strongest we have seen on the title-page of any Western paper, and indicates a determination to get the best that is to be had in the way of journalistic literature. In the first number, the difficulty of making each page, or each department as good as its neighbor, was somewhat sharply emphasized. The contrast has not been quite so marked in later issues; but a good deal of weeding-out still remains to be done, if the plane the management aims at is to be won and held. The choice of subjects for discussion

shows the serious intention of the editors; and while there is more or less of flippancy in the editorial notes, there has been an improvement in this respect during the few weeks *America* has been in existence, and we believe the constant tendency of the paper will prove to be toward increasing dignity of tone. *The Epoch* in New York and *America* in Chicago are among the most recent indications that capitalists are not without confidence in the paying and staying qualities of that sort of journalism which is not content simply to follow public opinion, but seeks to guide it.

—*The Independent* will observe Decoration Day by printing an appropriate poem by Miss Phelps and an article by Mrs. Spofford.

—The recent 'symposium' in these columns on 'The Writing of Novels' is considered by Mr. Howells in the Editor's Study in *Harper's* for June. The publishers allude to the subject in their advertisements of the magazine as 'The Melting Mood as a Literary Force.'

—Walt Whitman's 'Democratic Vistas, and Other Papers,' is to be the June issue of the Camelot Series, instead of 'Lord Herbert of Cherbury' as announced. The author has added a short preface, mainly addressed to his English readers. Among the miscellaneous papers are 'My Book and I,' 'A Thought on Shakespeare,' 'A Word about Tennyson,' 'Robert Burns,' and 'British Literature,' several of which appeared originally in *THE CRITIC*.

—Duffield Osborne's 'The Spell of Ashtaroth,' which is having a successful sale in this country, is about to be published in London by Sampson, Low & Co. from the American plates.

—Dickens's nurse, Mary Waller Gibson, died in London in April.

—Randolph Caldecott's piquant and characteristic sketches of the North Italian Folk have just been newly brought out by Messrs. Scribner & Welford in a sumptuous edition limited to 250 copies, with the plates colored by hand from the original water-color designs.

—'Two Men,' the first volume in Cassell & Co.'s reissue of Mrs. R. H. Stoddard's novels, will appear next month. It is to have an introduction by Mr. Stedman. The same publishers are getting out a 25-cent edition of the first of the Byrnes-Hawthorne detective stories, 'A Tragic Mystery.' As the edition is 'limited to 100,000 copies,' intending purchasers will have to hurry up their orders!

—'Hawthorne,' says the London correspondent of *The Evening Post*, 'is suddenly much in favor with theatrical adapters. Miss Calhoun, an American actress very popular at the Haymarket under Bancroft's management, is about to produce a royalty version of "The Scarlet Letter," by Stephen Coleridge. Another version has just been made by Dr. Aveling, and yet another is already in existence by Joseph Hatton. A dispute has arisen as to which is the earliest in the field. The matter is not of the least consequence, as no copyright can exist.'

—A 'Manual of Christian Evidences,' by Prof. G. P. Fisher, is to be issued shortly by Charles Scribner's Sons; who announce that the publication of the second volume of Thomas Stevens's 'Around the World on a Bicycle' will be postponed until the fall.

—The Western Association of Writers, of which Mr. Maurice Thompson of Crawfordsville is President, and Mrs. M. L. Andrews of Indianapolis, Secretary, will hold its annual meeting at Plymouth Church, Indianapolis, on June 6, 7 and 8. The list of those invited to read papers, essays, sketches, short stories or poems, lead discussions, or give recitations, embraces Mr. Thompson, Gen. Lew Wallace, Prof. Coulter of Wabash College, Mrs. D. M. Jordan, James Whitcomb Riley, Will Cumback, and Prof. W. H. Venable.

—A new collection of short stories by H. C. Bunner is announced for early publication by Messrs. Scribner. 'The Residuary Legatee,' by J. S. of Dale, which has been running in *Scribner's Magazine*, will be brought out this week by the same publishers in book form. A unique style of binding adds to the legal flavor of the story.

—Ticknor & Co. will publish to-day (Saturday) 'Along the Shore,' by Rose Hawthorne Lathrop; and 'Olivia Delapaine,' by Edgar Fawcett. They also announce for immediate publication revised editions of their Guide-books to New England, the White Mountains, and the Maritime Provinces. The June issues in their Paper Series will be 'Sons and Daughters,' by the author of 'The Story of Margaret Kent'; and 'Agnes Surridge,' by E. L. Byrner.

—Dr. Edward Hamilton Davis, the well-known archaeologist, died at his home in this city on the 15th inst., at the age of seventy-seven. Dr. Ross opened nearly 200 mounds in the Mississippi Valley at his own expense, and gathered the largest collection of mound relics ever made in this country. It now forms part of the collection of Blackmore's Museum at Salisbury, England. There is a duplicate collection at the American Museum of Natural History. Dr. Ross described his explorations and their results in a

work on the 'Ancient Monuments of the Mississippi Valley.' In 1854 he delivered a course of lectures on archaeology before the Lowell Institute, and afterward repeated them in this city and in Brooklyn.

—Rev. Drs. J. H. Vincent, Isaac W. Joyce and J. N. Fitzgerald have been elected Bishops by the Methodist General Conference in this city. Two other Bishops are still to be voted for.

—A new and hitherto unpublished portrait of Dr. Holmes will appear in the *June-Book Buyer*. A personal description of the poet in his library will accompany it; and Dr. Holmes will tell which of his own poems he likes best.

—The fourth part of Dr. Murray's 'New English Dictionary' will comprise two sections, the first containing the remainder of the letter B (Bra-Byz) and the title-page, preface, etc., to Vol. I., and the second the opening portion of the letter C (to Cass). Mr. Henry Bradley is already at work on Vol. III., beginning with E.

—Mrs. Mackenzie, a sister of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, is the owner of a portrait of Dickens which is believed to be the earliest in existence—a miniature on ivory which represents him at the age of eighteen.

—Sir Francis H. Doyle, whose reminiscences were published a short time ago, and who was formerly Professor of Poetry at Oxford, has been attacked with a throat disease which renders him entirely speechless. In other respects he is in perfect health. Doyle was an early friend of Mr. Gladstone, and acted as best man at his wedding. Politically, of late years, they have been estranged.

—Promise is made by the Scribners of a new book by the author of 'How to be Happy, Though Married,' which will have for its title 'The Five Talents of Women.' The book appeals with special force to girls and women.

—'Hot Weather Dishes,' by Mrs. Rorer, is announced by Arnold & Co. of Philadelphia.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1336.—The poem referred to is, I think, called 'The Motto and Crest' and may be found in 'A Year of Sunshine,' compiled by Kate Sanborn, though without a title in that collection.

F. S. H.

[The following is the full text of the poem as given, without title or signature, in Miss Sanborn's book :

I knew her in her brightness, a creature full of glee
As the dancing waves that sparkle on the placid summer sea :
To her the world was sunshine, and peace was on her breast ;
For 'Contentment' was her motto, and a 'Heartsease' was her crest.

Yet deem not for a moment that her life was free from care :
She shared the storms and sorrows that others sigh to bear ;
But she met earth's tempests meekly in the hope of heaven's rest ;
She gave not up her motto, nor cast away her crest.

Alas ! the many frowning brows and eyes that speak of woe,
And hearts that turn reprovingly from every chastening blow ;
But our paths might all be smoother, and our hearts would all be blest,
With 'Contentment' for our motto and a 'Heartsease' for our crest.]

Publications Received.

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

Brisbin, J. S. Trees and Tree-Planting	Harper & Bros.
Brooks, Noah. Abraham Lincoln	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Buchanan, R. A Debutter in New York Society . \$1.25	D. Appleton & Co.
Cobb, S. Orion the Gold Beater	Cassell & Co.
Cooke, Rose Terry. Poems \$1.50	W. S. Gottsberger.
Correct Thing, The	Boston: Estes & Lauriat.
Douglas, A. M. Lost in a Great City . 50c	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Dowling, R. Ignorant Essays . 25c	D. Appleton & Co.
Eaton, A. W. The Heart of the Creeds	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Fish, G. T. A Guide to the Conduct of Meetings	Harper & Bros.
Harte, Bret. The Argonauts of North Liberty . \$1	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
His Way and Her Way	Belford, Clark & Co.
Howells, W. D. The Minister's Charge . 50c	Ticknor & Co.
Miller, O. T. In Nesting Time . 25c	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Moliere, Select Plays of . Edited by H. C. Wall	Scribner & Welford.
Morris, C. The Aryan Race . \$1.50	Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.
Old South Leaflets . Nos. 1-13	Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Pearson, K. The Ethics of Free Thought	Scribner & Welford.
Pepys, Samuel. Diary . 10c	Cassell & Co.
Poor, M. L. Tenting at Stony Beach . \$1.25	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Seeley, H. A Nymph of the West . \$1	D. Appleton & Co.
Spencer, E. Hints from a Lawyer	G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Strange MS. Found in a Copper Cylinder . A	Harper & Bros.
Watson, H. C. Noble Deeds of Our Fathers	Boston: Lee & Shepard.
Whitman, E. A. Flax Culture	Boston: Rand, Avery Co.
Why Should Priests Wed	A. E. Costello.
Willard, F. E. Woman in the Pulpit	Boston: D. Lothrop Co.
Williams, J. M. Rational Theology . \$1.50	Chicago: C. Kerr & Co.